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standuponit

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MOOD: 😞 older

Putting messages in bottles is about hope, right? That against the odds, someone will find it, read the message, and answer it somehow.

So when I post, it's a little like that. Except I always expect to get that answer even though I know it can't happen, so it's not like I'm hoping. Still, there the answer *isn't*, and it's like running flat out into a wall.

When the hell did I learn to *expect*? It's a bad habit. I should stop.

Still, tonight I found myself at a very small Halloween party. There was a superheroine and a cowboy and a guitar player. They fed me a lot of food and beer and sang three different birthday songs. I didn't expect any of it. And if it wasn't perfect, it was only because perfect was impossible, not because none of us tried hard enough.

I miss you, Harpy. I miss you, and it's not fucking fair, and if someone told me God needed you more than I do, that someone would get a face full of knuckles. But I have to stop expecting, don't I? No matter what I post, that comment isn't coming. The bottle comes back empty.

I have to remember all the things you can do with an empty bottle.

Also, I probably shouldn't drink that much beer.

Yum.

Apples, maple syrup, and cheddar and goat

Behold the power of NOM.

I love the fact that the stand mixer makes deciding to throw together cinnamon rolls to rise

In case of emergency break eggs

Biscuits are best eaten fresh. And by "fresh," I mean, grabbed off the baking sheet when the oven

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